

BANK HOLIDAY NUMBER.

This Copy of "ALLY SLOPER" carries with it the advantages of a **Railway Accident Life Policy for £150.**

ally sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. VI.—No. 273.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]



£500 WORTH OF BANK HOLIDAY AT YARMOUTH.

"Poor Papa once said, in a moment of extra enthusiasm, 'The Slopers never shall be Slaves,' which reads very nicely in its way; but, if he had added, 'But very likely they will be Paupers,' he would have been nearer the mark. On Bank Holiday, at Yarmouth, he and Alexandry were to be seen aeronauting themselves in a boat, and letting off a Balloon, which announced to everyone his gift to the Readers of this Paper of £500, together with a promise of £1,000 worth of additional Money Prizes, provided they rally round the Sloperian Standard. I am told by the Dook Snook that the Shah is in the swim."—TOOTSIE.

"THE SHEEP."

IN 1817, there existed in a town in Germany, at the end of a dark, narrow, winding lane, a certain ill-famed tavern, commonly called "Hell." Among its frequenters was one Christopher Ruprecht, a man of sixty—illiterate, vulgar, foul-mouthed and quarrelsome—a goldsmith by trade.

He was sitting here by the fire, in a room on the first floor, one February night, drinking and smoking with the usual low company until ten o'clock, when he sent the landlord down to the ground floor to draw some more beer. As the latter was coming upstairs again, he heard a voice at the outer door inquiring if Ruprecht was above; and the landlord replying "Yes" without turning his head, he was told to send the goldsmith down. Ruprecht, on receiving the message, at once left the room, and a minute later a heavy fall was heard below, accompanied by deep groans. Eleven people who were in the room hurried downstairs, and found the goldsmith lying near the house door, covered with blood flowing from a large wound on his head. His leather cap lay by him cut through with the blow, and, when lifted up, he muttered, "The villain!—the villain with the axe!"

The wound was four inches long and deep in the centre. On the evening of the next day, a magistrate was, with difficulty, able to extract a few answers from the dying man. The examination was to this effect:—"Who struck you?" "Schmidt." "Where does he live?" "In the Most." "What did he strike you with?" "A hatchet." "How did you know him?" "By his voice." "What was his motive?" "A quarrel." "What was his name?" "What is he?" "Schmidt—woodcutter."

On inquiry, it turned out that there were three woodcutters so called in the town. Two of these—brothers—lived in the "Most" (which was the name of a street), whilst a third, Christopher Schmidt, lived in the Hohen Pfister. When the dying man was asked whether either of the brothers was the guilty party, he made no reply, but to the question "if the Hohen Pfister was the man's residence?" he replied distinctly, "Yes." Though sensible, he was, unable to open his eyes to identify the men; and next day he died.

Christopher Schmidt was restless and agitated during his examination. His wife stated that, having seen her husband and child home at seven, she returned for an hour or an hour and a half and then went home again. Admitting the wife's statement to be correct, Schmidt was left alone for an hour and a half at the very time the crime was committed. The tavern where it took place, however, was a mile and a quarter from Schmidt's dwelling, and to have done the deed he must have sprung from bed the moment his wife had left, rushed to the spot, struck the fatal blow and been in bed again a quarter of an hour afterwards. In a man of such sluggish intellect so much energy seemed scarcely possible, for his slowness and stupidity had long before earned him the nickname of the "Sheep."

In searching his house his axe was found to be bloodstained, and questioned he said that the stains must have come from a wound in the hand he had had some days previously. The stains, however, were on a part of the axe usually held by the left hand, whilst his wound was on the right hand. "I am left-handed," said the accused; and on inquiry such was proved to be the case. Beyond this it was found that the axe blade was barely three inches, whilst, as has been stated, the wound was four. Eventually the "Sheep" was unpenned and let go free and the other Smiths and the murdered man's brother-in-law examined; but every case fell through. And in the account from which this is abbreviated, dated 1853, it states that already then thirty-six years had elapsed without the discovery of the murderer.

"Who was it, Billiam?" lisped the cerulean orb'd babelet, "who said that murder was out?"

"I don't know," said Billiam; "but there's a chap downstairs from the post-office asking if the signature to that withdrawal note of two shillings from Evelyn's banking account is genuine."

(Next week, "Thugs.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose stamps for that purpose.

DUFFER.—You can't get into the army now, except as a private. What a pity you were not born a duke!—BILLIAM THE GORE-STAINED.—Come back at once; your crime discovered. All forgiven.—MCNAB (Browside).—Keep up your courage, Elder.—H. S. W.—If you send in your advertisement again, Tootsie will see that it goes in in the course of a few months. You see, the great number of letters we receive makes it impossible to insert it before. It must await its turn.—JILL.—If you continue to apply, you will doubtless soon be fortunate.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

The Largest Circulation of any Illustrated Paper in Great Britain.

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And the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" will be given for the Best Poem of 24 Lines on ALLY'S new Competition, each fourth Line to finish with the words,

"SLOPER'S FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS."

His Majesty Nasr-ed-Din, having kindly consented to act as Judge, be good enough to address—

H.M. THE SHAH, F.O.S.,

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

. The List will close SATURDAY, AUGUST 10TH, 1889.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

TOOTSIE had been telling fortunes by means of the grounds left in the tea-cups, and the Hon. Billy exclaimed, "Why, Tootsie, you're quite a sorceress!" "Yes," agreed Lord Bob, as he gave his magic three turns previous to placing it upside down—"a cup and sauceress!"

A CERTAIN counsel not long ago called attention to the number of drinking bars at the Law Courts. But as a rule barristers don't object to refreshers.

BLOBS, who made his money in oil, gave his first society dinner party last week. In the middle of the meal, with the perspiration streaming down his face, he gave vent to an expressive "Phew! ain't it hot?" "I don't wonder as how you feel it," replied his wife, "why you're a carving with your coat on!"



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 275.—The "Deal" Bathing Costume.



"Say, gov'nor, I shall want a bob for them 'ere trotter-cases!"



"Blowed if I'd have made her Mrs. Juggins, if I'd have known she was going to make a footstool o' me!"



Aunt. Now, Bobby, how dare you turn round and throw sand at Mr. Muggins? Bobby. 'Cos I knows yer don't like sandy men, and yer won't like him. He shoudln't trample on my sand castles.



"A neat suit of yours. Seems strong, too." "Well, it ought to be strong. It's been to Yarmouth for six weeks!"



AN EXTREMELY NEW MOON. Perfectly original in design.

YOUNG Sloper met the family errand girl going up the area steps a few nights ago, and saluting her in Battersea fashion, exclaimed, "What cheer, Jane, where yer off to?" "Gyin to get marster a pair o' slippers," was the reply. The thoughts that this answer gave rise to were painful, and for a moment the youth was silent. Then he observed, "Look here, Jane, you bring him a pair of list slippers, with soft soles, and tell him those were the only ones the man had got; and next Bank Holiday I'll borrow Tootsie's yellow hat for you to wear."

HE sat beside her in a road car. As they neared the Bank, the conductor appeared and began punching tickets furiously. He held out a bronze medallion of Her Gracious Majesty. She took it in her dainty six and a quarter, and handed it to the puncher. He had thought her fair before, but at that moment it struck him, like a Sullivan "pile-driver," that she was "passing fare."

As poor Doody on his knees had dropt

In front of lovely Tottie,

And the fatal question just had pop't.

He really look'd quite dotty.

"In my heart a vacant space you'll find,"

He cried. "Oh! let us wed, dear!"

"You are wrong," said Tots, quite soft and kind—

"The space is in your head, dear!"

MRS. SPINGLES says she doesn't wonder that the Stock Exchange at times resembles a menagerie let loose, seeing what a lot of bulls, bears and stags they have at Capel Court.

"I HAVEN'T seen young Simple lately," said Hopper. "What's up with him?" "Oh! the young fool has been reading the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and he is rather upset by it. It has aroused his conscience, or something," remarked Hobart. "Ah, well! he's not the first man who's been worried by a Bunyan."

Infatuated Youth. Say you love me, darling, and be my own dear little wife.

Junior Member of Chorus. I should like to, Jack; but how about money, dear?

Infatuated Youth. Why, my darling, you are a fortune in yourself. Think of the precious (s)tones you possess. [But she didn't see it, and another loving heart, etc., etc.]

"MY daughter dotes on Mendelssohn's 'Songs Without Words,'" Bladder pater whispered to Mrs. Grinchick, who replied, "I suppose it was one of them she was a-singing of jest now; and that's why I couldn't catch a blessed word!"

THE train had stopped in a station for a few minutes, the signals being against it, and a cheerful looking old gentleman jumped out and, opening his lungs, took in a gulp of the pure air. Then, addressing himself to a porter standing near, he exclaimed, "By Jove! isn't this stimulating?" "No, sir," answered the Sussex joskin; "it be Haywards Heath."

THE Standard waved beneath the Star,

The Echo came from realms afar,

O'er all the Globe the Telegraph

Flashed Daily News that made folks laugh.

Swift as the Mail, a motley crew

Of Travellers were hastening through,

Adown St. James' to Pall Mall—

Was it the Evening News to tell?

No! 'Twas to seek a Morning Post,

That even at that hour was lost;

Though long the hours, and few the dimes,

'Tis sad to Chronicle such Times.

"I WANT some boots, please," said a customer. "Yes, sir, certainly," said Kittlety. "What number do you take, sir?" "What number?" repeated the customer. "Why, two, of course! Do you think I've got three feet, or what?"

WELL, sir, said a jerry builder, "I don't think as 'ow it's right on you to be a-runnin' the house down as you do." "If you had not run the house up as you did," declared the indignant tenant, "there would be no necessity for me to run the place down!"

Old Bobus. Do you remember young Smith, Mrs. B.? I heard of him to-day for the first time since he left home. Alas! poor young fellow.

Mrs. Bobus. Is he dead?

Old Bobus. Worse than that. Mrs. B.—he writes for "SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY!"

THE popular Parisian phrase at present is the reverse of "Not to-day, baker." It's "Aujourd'hui, Boulanger." Floquet thinks Paris ought to be in the Department of the (In)Seine.

MARLOW is the jolliest place on the Thames for fishing. You catch 'em there, and you've only got to go down to the next lock to Cookham.

WE were reading, yesterday, about the mean quantity of rain that had fallen during the month of July. We presume it is a matter of opinion, but, taking our back yard as a sample, we should say that the quantity was anything but mean—in fact, there was a jolly sight too much of it.

As we gazed at a statue, Jones said, in surprise,

"Don't they take it in out of the rain?"

For if once 'tis allowed to diminish in size,

It can ne'er be made larger again."

As I listened to this I had fears for his brain,

Which he saw and exclaimed, "Do not fret.

Do you not understand that, if left in the rain,

'Twill soon be but a small statuette?" (Query, statue wet?)

THE other night, as we were going home, we noticed McGooseley leaning up against his door, fast asleep. Shaking him vigorously, we exclaimed, "Hallo! what are you doing here?" "I've lost my latch key," replied the bibulous one; "and I'm waitin' for poleeshman to pass b'fore I get in t'winder." "But your eyes were shut?" "Yesh, of course, thatash so ash he shoudlen see me standin' here."

THEY were "waiting for the verdict on the boy in the prison dock." The evidence showed that he did the deed, because the last witness swore that the boy in the P. D., who was a licensed victualler, had served him with a drink on Sunday morning, two minutes before he committed the offence. The foreman asked one important question, "What time did he admit the last witness?" The answer came, "Five minutes before one on Sunday morning." Unanimous verdict, without leaving the box, "Not guilty."

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The next picture offered to the readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is an oil painting by FREDERICK WILLIERS, War Correspondent, measuring 67½ in. x 33 in., in a handsome gold frame, and entitled,

"AN INCIDENT AT TEL-EL-KEBIR."

All that has to be done is to make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement inclosed, together with the Name and Address of the Applicant, any time before September 30th.

Address—"ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

. This Picture is on View every Friday afternoon between 3 p.m. and 6 p.m.

TOOTSIE AT DEAL.



A little too heavy.

the wilds of Whitechapel, where we met the greater part of the British aristocracy at the Three Crowns. Returning to the haunts of civilization, we got to the Empire in time for the ballet, and wound up a well-spent restful evening at the Penguin Club with music and dancing.

And now here we are at Deal. Deal is a good deal changed since Captain Crosstree seized Susan, observing, "Your cries are vain! resistance useless!" And Susan responded with, "Monster! William! William!" and William entering with drawn cutlasm, and shouting "Susan! Attacked by buccaneers! Die!" cut that captain down, and the curtain fell to slow music on the tableau. There has been a pier built since then whereon the band plays in the evening, and persons of both sexes frisk and philander, and partake of varied refreshment.

It may be remarked that the fee for using the pier is not excessive, though Bob keeping poor Billy so dreadfully short of pocket-money, he was tempted to try and avoid it by scaling the rails with the assistance of Nellie and Lardi, and came to much grief.



Looking for the postman.

A magnificent sight is the shipping in the Downs, where you may remember William's vessel was moored, and there are lots of interesting places in the neighbourhood to walk or drive to, including the lighthouses and Sandown Castle.

Many parts of Deal are still quaint enough, and curious, and its fifty-six boatmen, with their wonderful old hats, are things of beauty and joys for ever. Very wonderful, too, are the Goodwin Sands, which sometimes, at low tide, are firm enough to play cricket on, but on the tide's return, become quicksand capable, sailors say, of swallowing up big ships.

It is to be regretted that Bob still continues to make himself extremely objectionable, his last notion being to render himself hideous to behold, by the cultivation of a hirsute excrecence which he fondly fancied might be taken for a beard, until I dispelled the illusion and conducted him to a barber's shop. At any rate, he looks cleaner now.

Here's the postman! Letters from town, from those Penguin young men we danced with, and they actually have the impudence—well, there. And if Bob should think we brought them down! And why could they not have had the common decency to go to the Royal, instead of coming to the Walmer Castle, where they knew we were? There are letters, too, for Billy and the Dook. Billy's ma, it appears, thinks Billy can be in no hurry for his allowance, and wonders what on earth he can have squandered the ten shillings on she gave him less than three weeks ago. "Does he gamble," she asks, "or keep racehorses, like the Jubilee?"

The poor Dook's correspondence is still less satisfactory. His tenant is again upon his track, and bids him look to his nose. He also adds that he shall bring down a horse-whip, too, this time. We have recommended the Dook to wear a copy-book up his back, and we have treated him to two buns and a raspberry tart, at Lass's, in the High Street, to give him courage.



Bob's budding beard.

TWENTY SLOPER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK To Purchasers of ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Cut out and fit in the Label printed below, and post it to:—
THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT,
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," August 3rd, 1889.

Name _____
Address _____
Age _____
Occupation, if any _____
How many times applied _____
How long a Purchaser of
the "Half-Holiday" _____

The List for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, August 7th, 1889. The Result of the Competition of July 27th, 1889, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for August 10th, 1889.

156th WEEK. RESULT OF JULY 20th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded
"SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. GEORGE J. S. RYAN, Schoolboy, 17 Campbourne Road, Hornsey. Age, 13 years. Subscriber—5 years, 4 months. LONDON.
2. J. EDWARDS, Engineer, 67 Lansdowne Road, Dalston. Age, 18 years. Subscriber—4 years, 7 months. LONDON.
3. CLARA MABEL PHILLIPS, Schoolgirl, 152 Akerman Road, Brixton. Age, 14 years. Subscriber—5 years. LONDON.
4. P. BYRNE, Railway Clerk. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—43 months, 1 week. ATHENRY (Ireland).
5. ROBERT SELOA, Barman, "Noah's Ark Hotel." Age, 17 years. Subscriber—4 years. BORROWASH.
6. ALEXANDER T. BORTHWICK, Schoolboy, 54 Wyndham Road, Spring-bourne. Age, 12 years. Subscriber—4 years. BOURNEMOUTH.
7. JOHN E. DAINES, Police Constable, Bouley. Age, 29 years. Subscriber—4 years, 4 months. CONGLETON.
8. THOMAS TURNER, Clerk, Northfleet Brewery, 36 Bath Street. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—4 years, 10 months. GRAVESEND.
9. FRANCIS KENCH, Examiner, Ordnance Survey. Age, 27 years. Subscriber—since commencement. HALTON.
10. TOM BEAUMONT, Negro Artist, care of Brown, Musical Agent. Age, 32 years. Subscriber—since commencement. HYDE.
11. MRS. J. WALKER, Excelsior Boot Shop, 39 Beeston Road. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—4 years. LEEDS.
12. ARTHUR FARRAR, Vocal Comedian, 117 Bardolph Street. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—since commencement. LEICESTER.
13. MRS. JOHNSON, 18 Agate Street, Breck Road. Age, 40 years. Subscriber—5 years. LIVERPOOL.
14. WILLIAM PARTRIDGE, Newtown Common. Age, 43 years. Subscriber—from No. 1. NEWBURY.
15. DAVID ROBERTSON, Gamekeeper, Stobhall Lodge. Age, 41 years. Subscriber—5 years. PERTH.
16. GEORGE ASHDOWN, Railway Guard, 14 Orchard Road. Age, 36 years. Subscriber—over 4 years. PLUMSTEAD.
17. GEORGE SMITH, Brickmaker, Utton's Villas. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—since July, 1885. PRITTEWELL.
18. HARRY ANSCOMB, Clerk, Park Street. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—4 years, 6 months. SLINFOLD.
19. WALTER PAYNE, Lace Maker, Chapel Street. Age, 39 years. Subscriber—since May, 1885. TIVERTON.
20. E. THORNE, Seamstress, Horsecastle. Age, 15 years. Subscriber—since commencement. YATTON.

SLOPER'S SOCIAL SONNETS.

No. 41.—THE ROAD MENDER.

NIGH the village on the road,
When the trains with heavy load
Groan and struggle up to town
See, I lay my mattock down.
Years ago I used to think
(Of course you shake your head and wink)
That by the road I'd make my way
To Lunnon on some lucky day.
Then, as I had oft been told
The streets were always paved with gold,
Like Whittington, in story book,
I'd safe get rich by hook or crook.
So I gets wild and discontent,
And to Lunnon course I went
(Again you wink, your head you shake).
A splendid future did I make?
Could I a splendid house afford?
I lodged, sir, in the casual ward.
But bits of jobs got here and there,
Lived on bread and cheese and air.
As to gold in Lunnon street
It's worn too thin with many feet.
Nowadays, Lord Mayors and such
Don't come from likes of me—not much.
Glad was the day as home I strode
Along this blessed dusty road.
I heard the lark—I saw the sky,
And who so happy then as I!
The work's us I but work for now,
Yet I'm content enough, I trow;
In yon old churchyard, too, at last
I'll take my rest when work is past.

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Answers cannot be guaranteed within fourteen days, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

IN THE DARK.

THEY were a merry party coming home from the picnic at Epping. There were plenty of ladies, but only two of 'em were unmarried, and you may guess what a scramble there was amongst the bachelors for them.

Lizzie Green and Izzie Wood their names were. Pretty—but not half as pretty as their faces! So John Farview and James Simpson thought. They were very far gone—towards matrimony—indeed! Both of them worked at the printing office at Camden Town. Good wages, steady fellows, good looking young men both.

"Ought to marry!" chorussed all the married ladies.

A jolly day was spent rambling between High Beech and Chingford, sampling the various liquids contained in pocket bottles, and the beer obtainable at the hostellers. John and James enjoyed an occasional romp with Lizzie and Izzie, and felt generally spooney.

Yes, it was a delightful day, but the best of it was to come. The long drive home in the crowded waggonette—along lumpy roads, between hedges, under trees. So dark—so cosy—confidential!

We've all been like it one time or another. And kissing is nothing but kissing, despite anything the busybodies may say.

They were a tighter lot in that waggonette after dinner than they had been before it. In the dark, in the scramble, in the confusion, rose up an outcry that some of the ladies must sit on the gentlemen's knees.

There was a secret understanding between John Farview and Lizzie Green as to this. James Simpson and Izzie Wood had also exchanged ideas on the subject.



Lizzie and Izzie.

It seemed to John that Lizzie weighed a good deal—for a small person. He had never noticed before what a little way his arm went when it tried to encircle her waist. Perspiration stood on his forehead, his legs trembled. She was certainly very much heavier than he had thought. He sighed, and somebody giggled behind him. Who was that? It was too dark to see.

It seemed to James Simpson that Izzie was a good deal less plump and more angular than might have been imagined. Her arm, when the vehicle jolted, clutched him round the neck with smothering tightness. He was far from comfortable, but he endured. Once he groaned slightly, and at that somebody choked near him.

He wondered who it was.

They were only halfway back to Bethnal Green when that thunderstorm came on.

Tow-row-row! Boom! overhead. All the ladies screamed. "Don't be frightened, Lizzie, dear!" whispered John Farview, getting both arms round his lady-love.

"Cling to me, and don't call out!" sighed James Simpson, enfolding his burden in an affectionate embrace.

"Who are you talking to, young man? What do you take me for, impudence?" inquired two female voices.

Then came a great blaze of blue-green lightning. John Farview and James Simpson knew that they had been betrayed.

And Izzie and Lizzie, perched on the coach-box beside the driver, and tucked up snugly from the rain, burst into a duet of hysterical laughter.

It was a pleasant outin," said stout Mrs. Scraggs, as she spanked her youngest, and tucked it up tightly in bed.

"A capital joke!" said Izzie and Lizzie.

"A blanked bad one!" growled John and James.



The ride home.



NETTED.

Mr. Clevercackle. And what nets do they use for mermaids, then, down here?
She. Lor! Lorgnettes, of course, Mr. Clevercackle.



No. 6.—ALLY at Yarmouth, impressing a paternal kiss upon one of the Friv. girls. Taken through the mediumship of Alexandry, by SLOPER's instantaneous process.



CHECK ACTION.

"What horrid pianos they have in these seaside hotels! Why, in its harshness and its discordant tone it's all the world like my husband's voice when I ask him for an extra big cheque."

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



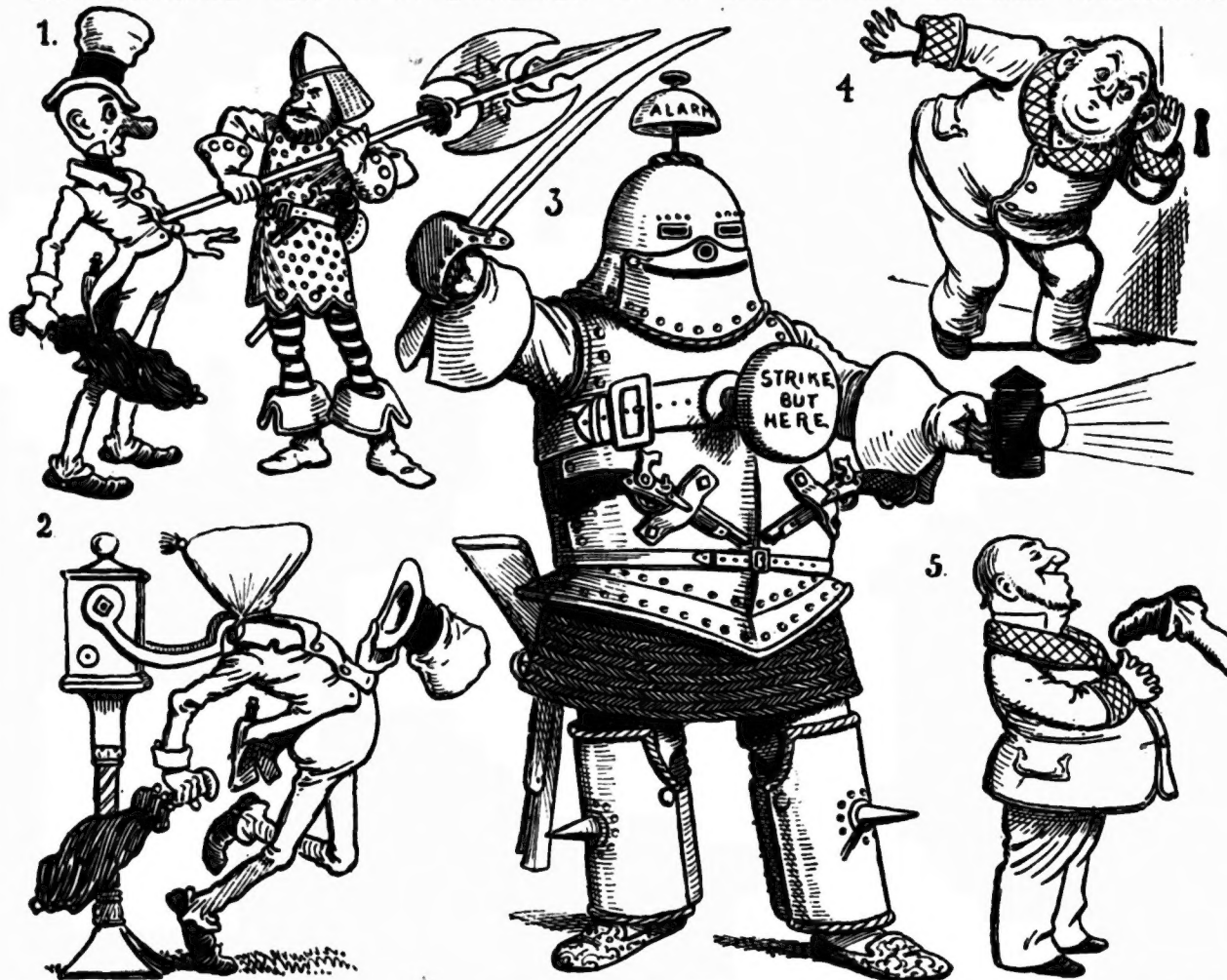
No. 89.—MISS ALICE HARVEY.

"She is the sovereign of my heart." —The Dook Snook.

"Oh, beauteous maiden, but hear my prayer. I love thee madly—would wed thee if I dare." —Lord Bob.

"As fair as the lily, as sweet as the rose." —The Hon. Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.



Entering the courtyard of Sir William Harcourt's residence, A. SLOPER was challenged. Just then a gentle voice cried from an upper window, "It's all right, it's Mr. SLOPER!" "Pass, SLOPER!" cried the servant. (2). He was wiping his feet, when suddenly he found himself blindfolded by an automatic machine and ushered into the presence of Sir William Harcourt, who apologized for the little inconvenience. "My dear Sir William, why these precautions?" "It was that bed, Mr. SLOPER, that caused this thushness." (3). SLOPER here observed he was in a steel plated chamber. "Indeed, Mr. SLOPER, beneath this innocent looking costume is concealed a battery which would cause sudden death to anyone who might lay hands on me" (SLOPER recoiled), "so you need not shake hands." (4). Excuse me while I listen at the keyhole: it is my custom to do so every quarter of an hour." (He enters.) "Now, Mr. S., I am at your service." (5). But A. SLOPER here remembered he had forgotten to pay the water rate as he came along. So, making a hasty apology, he departed.

THE ELDER TROUBLED WITH DISTEMPER.



1. "Is that the only way tae whitewash a hoose?" roared the Elder to McSnarl, whom he had employed to touch up his dear little abode.

2. "That'll maybe tak' the heat oot o' yer nose," replied Snarl.

3. He then soliloquised, "Ah! ah thought it wis on'y dugs that suffered fra distemper."



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Hullo, here! How are we going on this week? Much as usual. Pleasure and misery equally divided in the Show above. Heigho! the ways of the world.—A paying game it is, no doubt, Which should be punished when found out.—The noble Duke has vict'ry won, And poor old Simms, we find, is done.—Buchanan, in a frightful rage, With all his rivals war does wage.—'Arry again, with laugh and shout, Prepares to take his best "tart" out.—In Hampstead, dogs can, as we see, Roam all around and be quite free.—Bravo, Prince! behold the meeting! The Kaiser gets a hearty greeting.—Russia again, with hungry eye, Begins poor Turkey to annoy.—Glance at my centre illustration. Something tasty there, and no mistake. 'Arry seems to be happy enough. Let us all follow his example. Think only of enjoyment, and cast dull care to the winds, then we shall most certainly spend a happy Bank Holiday.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



PATENT FLOATING LOUNGE.
Invented by the Eminent and dedicated to the fair sex generally.

HE TOOK HER AT HER WORD.



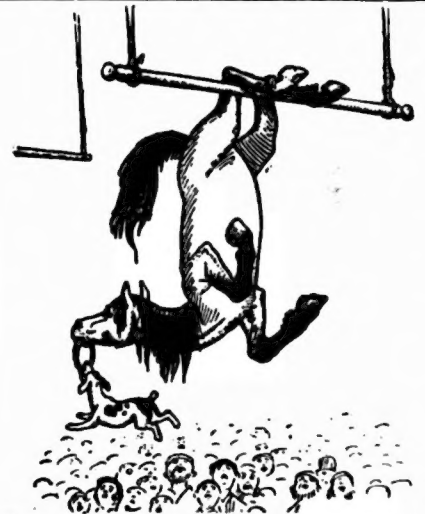
She. What a splendid animal, Mr. Howler; I'd give or do anything for a dog like that.
He. (Has been rejected several times.) You would, Miss Malvern? Marry me, then, and we will go partners in him.



Elderly Beauty. Mr. Thomas told me that my neck and shoulders reminded him of a Greek statue.
Youthful Beauty. I suppose he meant a plaster cast!



THE "DOWN FOR THE DAY" SEASIDE PHOTOGRAPH.



"Of the brute creation, the horse is, perhaps, the most docile and clever. It can be taught to do anything, from drinking a bottle of 'Unsweetened' to rivaling the Brothers Griffiths in their horizontal bar feat."—Extract from "Sloper's Natural History."

ALLY-CAMPANE.

MORE MUNIFICENCE ON THE PART OF ALLY!

"In for a penny, in for a pound," is an old saying known to us all; but "In for a penny, in for five hundred pounds!" is decidedly more pleasant to the ear, isn't it? Well, to come to business, £500 will be given away, in February, 1890, to one of the readers



of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY." You all stand an equal chance of winning the £500. All that you have to do is.—Commencing with this week's "HALF-HOLIDAY," cut out the first paragraph in "ALLY-CAMPANE" from each week's paper, and keep the cuttings by you until January 25th, 1890, when you will have twenty-six in your possession. Then post the twenty-six cuttings, with your name and address, to "Sloper's £500 Competition," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C., and look in an early number for the name and address of the lucky winner. Don't post any of the cuttings until you have the twenty-six—that is, one from each week's "HALF-HOLIDAY," commencing to-day, August 3rd, 1889, and ending January 25th, 1890.

A MUTUAL ADVANTAGE.

The circulation of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is now considerably over three hundred thousand copies weekly, and if, by January 25th, 1890, it should reach four hundred thousand copies, in addition to the £500 above mentioned, £1000 will be given, in Twenty Consolation Prizes of £50 each, to twenty unsuccessful competitors in the £500 Competition. Could anything be fairer? No! Well, then, rally round the Sloperian Standard like Britons!

SOME hundreds of Magyar visitors have arrived in London. These good people are really visitors to the Paris Exhibition. Having exhausted the wonders of the Eiffel Tower—the modern tower of Babel—they have extended their tour to modern Babylon itself, and they seem to be enjoying their visit, too. They take a great interest in our national pastime, cricket. At a match played by twenty-two ladies recently, they mustered very strongly and cheered vociferously.

THE other evening ALLY, in search of a livener, romped into the Alhambra, and is pleased to say spent three of the most enjoyable hours of his life. The new ballet, *Astrea*, is perhaps one of the most gorgeous and brilliant sights it is possible to conceive, and it will be a long time before this or any other establishment can produce anything superior to this latest Alhambra success. Go and see it for yourself.

FRANCES COOPER, a woman residing at Mount Pleasant, Florida, must have possessed a sweet disposition, for, having a grudge against three neighbours, she invited them to dinner. After dining the three guests were seized with convulsions, and one expired almost at once in great agony. Investigation established the fact that Cooper had placed rat poison in a dish of butter beans for the purpose of poisoning them.

MRS. LANGTRY is back in this country. Unfortunately the "Jersey Lily" is very much indisposed, having suffered for six months from an affection of the nose—rather awkward for a professional beauty—but she hopes to pick up her health again in Europe before many months have passed.

ALTHOUGH it is some weeks now since Mr. and Mrs. Kendal departed from London, we do not think an apology is needed for introducing their names at the present juncture, for, although out of sight, their memory is still green in our minds. Their late London season has, we believe, been extremely successful, and although they may leave England heavy in heart, their pockets will, we have no doubt, suffer from the same complaint. We sincerely wish them a successful and prosperous tour in America.

LONDON houses are smaller now or more closely packed than they were about ten years ago. In 1873 fifty-five miles of streets were made, and 17,127 houses built, as compared with the nineteen miles of streets and 12,126 houses finished last year. Since 1848 London has received about half a million new houses.

THE Queen of Roumania, or Carmen Sylva, to call her by her professional name, will visit Sweden shortly, taking with her the libretto of a new Swedish opera, which Hallström has consented to set to music. Carmen Sylva is most certainly an exception to the general rule that royal art is usually bad art, as Goethe *ought* to have said, by way of pendant to his famous dictum on religious pictures.

A FEW days ago A. SLOPER, accompanied by many other kindred spirits more or less eminent, journeyed, at the invitation of the directors of the Victoria Steamboat Association, to that sylvan retreat rejoicing in the appellation of Hampton Court. After partaking of luncheon, the object of the voyage was explained; and as far as can be gathered from the notes of our illustrious representative (who arrived home in his usual condition after such little festivities), the V. S. A. bid fair to entirely revolutionize the traffic of the Thames. They have done away with the old, slow, dirty, and uncomfortable boats, and have built, and are still building steamers that for comfort, speed, and sumptuous accommodation fairly "annex the abernethy." One of these floating palaces starts daily from Old Swan Pier for a trip to Richmond, Hampton Court and back. The fare is very trifling, whilst a more enjoyable "outing" can scarcely be imagined.

RAILWAY travelling seems far safer in India than in America, or we may say any other country in the world. Last year the number of train accidents per 1,000 miles was 0.06. From the total number killed and injured—viz., twenty-eight—it would appear that an average of 155 1-3 millions of miles was travelled for each casualty. This is very good biz.

CAN you do it? This is the great question of the day. What? many people will say. Why, the grand Sloperian brain burster, "ALLY SLOPER'S Ball Puzzle." We will try to describe the concern. First, there is a small square flat box, in the interior of which are the four corners, partitioned off and labelled thusly:—Europe (white), Asia (yellow), Africa (black), America (red), each continent has three balls corresponding with them in colour. The puzzle is to work the balls into their proper countries and— But, there, it's almost as hard to explain as to do it, so purchase a puzzle. Be not afraid, Colney Hatch is having another wing added to its already enormous structure, and it will be reserved especially for Sloperian patients.

BALDWIN has in two years made £37,000, although he was always falling in the world, and has now retired on his means. Why not train up our boys to become parachutists? This idea should be thoroughly threshed out. It would, perhaps, assist to depopulate England. But look how happy the successful ones might be. If our boys decline to become parachutists, make them cooks to Mr. Vanderbilt. The present holder of the office gets £2,000 a year, and works in a marble kitchen, with gridirons of sardonyx and frying-pans of agate.

BRAVO, Mrs. Keuter! Recently this lady got the better of a ruffianly tramp at Winsconsin. It seems the fellow attacked her and she ran to her house, and, seizing a revolver, ordered him out on the road, and followed him upwards of two miles to where her husband was at work. The latter then took charge of the man and marched him to New Cassell, where he was given thirty days in the county jail. Mrs. Sloper has borrowed Alexandry's pop-gun, and has been playing chucking tramps with William Higgins, who enters thoroughly into the spirit of his rôle.

THE heat in South Russia just now is described as intolerable. Deaths from sunstroke occur daily even among the native labourers who should be acclimatized. For the last ten days the thermometer has never registered less than 114 degrees at noon. One day last week it was 130 in the shade. Vegetation is parched and withered. The long, scorching days, unbroken by even a passing thunderstorm, succeed each other with perfect regularity. A sunshade is necessary as early as 5 A.M. The heat is said to be affecting the dogs, and many cases of hydrophobia are reported. Why cannot we have a little of this weather hung up at some of our seaside resorts? How pleasant it is to see the pretty girls basking in the sunshine!

THE wife of a platelayer was charged at Highgate recently with assaulting the head mistress of Holy Trinity Schools, East Finchley. It appeared that the defendant, on the false allegation of her daughter, that complainant had struck the child, went to the school, seized the teacher by both shoulders, shook her, and smacked her face in the presence of the scholars, using, at the same time, very bad language. The defendant pleaded guilty and apologized to the schoolmistress, and the Bench then let her off with a fine of 6s. and 5s. 6d. costs. The woman undoubtedly deserved greater punishment. A schoolmaster or schoolmistress, whether of a voluntary or a Board school, is a public functionary, and should be fully protected by the law from insult or outrage.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 10TH, 1889.

4th August, 1720.—The following is from the *Daily Post* of this date:—"Went away the 22nd of July last, from the house of William Webb, in Limehouse Hole, a negro man, about twenty-six years old, call'd Dick, yellow complexion, wool hair, about five feet six inches high, having on his right breast the word *Hare* burnt. Whoever brings him to the said Mr. Webb's, shall have half a guinea reward, and reasonable charges."

4th August, 1816.—The *News*, a Sunday paper, of this date, says that a person in Alston, who for some years followed the trade of a barber, recently opened a spirit shop, when, to the no small admiration and amusement of his acquaintance, he hoisted over his door the following lines:—

"Rave not from pole to pole, but here turn in,
Where naught exceeds the shaving, but the gin."

4th August, 1853.—The uniform stamp of one penny on receipts, for all sums above £2, was enacted on this day. Penny postage stamps were permitted to be used for receipts after 1st of June, 1881.

5th August, 1889.—Old St. James' Day brings with it the season for oysters. The celebrity of the oyster dates from antiquity. The Romans consumed immense numbers of them. The demand for oysters has originated the cultivation and growth of these molluscs in artificial beds. These are well seen at Lake Fusaro, at Naples, and in the Bay of St. Brienne, the Bay of Arachon, and the Ile de Ré, in France. The green oysters of Marennes are equally celebrated. Whitstable, in England, is the chief place for artificial beds. There is a popular superstition still in force, like that relating to goose on Michaelmas Day, that whoever eats oysters on that day will never want money for the rest of the year. Apples were also blest on this day by the priest. There is a special form for blessing them in the church of Sarum.

5th August, 1789.—Lord Howe, the celebrated English Admiral, died this day. He was once awakened in the middle of the night by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him, in great agitation, that the ship was on fire near the powder room. "If that be the case," said this resolute officer, rising leisurely to put on his clothes, "we shall soon hear a report of it." The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and almost instantly returned, exclaiming, "You need not be afraid, sir; the fire is extinguished." "Afraid!" exclaimed Howe, "What do you mean by that, sir? I never was afraid in my life." And, looking the lieutenant full in the face, he added, "How does a man feel, sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks."

6th August, 1805.—On this day Caleb Baldwin, "The Pride of Westminster," fought Bill Ryan at Blackheath, thousands of spectators being present. In the 26th round Caleb fell almost exhausted, and while falling Ryan hit him. The ring was instantly broken in, and a cry of "Foul!" raised. It was clearly a mere dodge to save the stakes, but while the question was being debated, a party of dragoons arrived and dispersed the crowd. The combatants, both pretty well thrashed, were put together in a post-chaise and brought to London.

6th August, 1885.—At Vittoria this day, during a bull fight, a bull, on being let into the arena, dashed over the barrier and alighted in the midst of the crowd, tossing and goring those nearest to him. A company of civil guards ran off. When the bull had half cleared the plaza of its occupants, he trotted out into the promenade and made further onslaughts on the crowd. At length, he was brought down by a shot, but not before he had killed many and severely injured more of the spectators.

7th August, 1851.—The New Forest Deer Removal Act was passed this day. "In this forest," says a newspaper of a few years ago, "a man, named 'Brusher' Mills, makes his living by catching snakes. In six years he has killed about two thousand adders. For every viper he receives one shilling; the snakes he sells to the Zoological Gardens, where they are used for feeding snake-eating reptiles. His implements of war are a stick four feet long, with a forked end, and a pair of very long blunt scissors. With the forked stick he presses the viper down; then, with the scissors, he seizes it just below the head, and puts the wriggling creature into a tin box. The largest snake he ever caught in this way measured six feet four inches."

7th August, 1888.—This is the date of the second of a series of mysterious murders in Whitechapel—that of Martha Tabram, aged thirty-five, who was found dead at George Yard Buildings, Spitalfields, stabbed in thirty-nine places.

8th August, 1668.—Pepys notes in his "Diary" under this date: "Discours'd with Mr. Hooke about the nature of sounds, who told me that, having come to a certain number of vibrations proper to make any tone, he is able to tell how many strokes a fly makes with her wings (those flies that hum in their flying), by the note that it answers to in music, during their flying. That, I suppose, is a little too much refined; but his discourse, in general, on sound was mighty fine."

9th August, 1744.—John Brydges, the "great" Duke of Chandos, who died on this date, said, one day in his library, to a poor clergyman whom he much esteemed, "Please, sir, to fix upon any book you like and it shall be yours." The gentleman chose one, politely, of no great price, but at home, turning it over, he found a bank bill of considerable value between the leaves, which he returned to the duke. The duke took it and handed him in exchange one of double the value, saying, "Accept that, sir, for your honesty."

9th August, 1631.—"What a blurred page," says Chambers, "is presented to us in the life of Dryden (who was born this day),—in one short year bemoaning Cromwell and hailing Charles—afterwards changing his religion, not without a suspicion of this being done for the sake of Court favour,—a noble, energetic poet, yet capable of writing licentious plays to please the debased society of his age—a gentleman by birth, yet fain to write poetical translations from the classics for Jacob Tonson at so much a line."

10th August, 1782.—General Sir Charles Napier, who was born this day, while an infant, on the borderland of death through starvation, when he was rescued. As a boy at play, he tore the flesh from one leg and fractured the other. At the battle of Corunna he was wounded in five places, and taken prisoner, which led to the supposition among his relatives that he had been killed, but he was not to be so easily disposed of, for we afterwards find him at the battle of Busaco, where he was struck in the face by a bullet, which lodged behind the ear.

10th August, 1885.—Two executions took place this day in Paris, the culprits being Marchandon, the murderer of Madame Cornet, a Creole lady, and Gaspard, the assassin of M. Delaunay, a truck maker. Everyone is familiar with the dismal stories of life, after decapitation, which French imagination has conjured up on the subject; how Madame Roland's face blushed when held up by the executioner after she was guillotined, and so forth. The guillotine has afforded a very tempting medium for these fancies or fictions.

ALLY SLOPER'S
FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom. PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

A CURIOUS CRINO-LINE-ING.

[Mr. Horsley, R.A. (of "British Matron" fame), has just scared the town by predicting that the Crinoline would presently come into fashion again. Happily, though, according to the chief modistes, there is no chance of such a thing.]



"I DREAM of thee, dread Crinoline!"
Cries Horsley, with a scare,
"Again will those balloons be seen
That ladies used to wear.
Yea, dresses of circumference vast
Will block the crowded ways;
And maddened men will stand aghast
As on the girls they gaze.
Ah, yes, in dreams, my optic keen
Sees Crinoline, cruel Crinoline!"
But there's no need of Crinoline,
So, Horsley, don't despair:
Not thy loved "British Matron" e'en

Those big balloons will wear.
The "swell" modistes declare that you
Need not thus scare the town;
For Crinolines won't fright the view
Not e'en in Horsley-down!
From this cry, then, let's comfort glean,
"No Crinoline! No Crinoline!"

RAILLERY.

"How very heavy the atmosphere is to-night!" said Sharpshins, junr. "Really, it feels like a blanket spread over one." "Humph!" grunted the old man; "produced, I suppose, by an heirloom."

Each Week's Competition Completes in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish "what the Applicant is in want of," and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,

"The Slopers,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," August 3rd, 1889.

Name _____
Address _____
Want _____

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

131st WEEK.

RESULT OF JULY 20th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

1. MRS. W. H. PICK, "Peacock Hotel," MARKET HARBOUR.
A SILVER TOAST-RACK.

2. H. G. EDGE, Church Street, OLD BASFORD (Nottingham).
A POCKET-CASE OF SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address are enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the advertisements inserted. Advertisements already received, which do not appear below, will be inserted as soon as space admits. Address—

TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.



CELESTE (Aged 22).

A WIDOW LADY, without encumbrance, would like to correspond with a gentleman not less than 40 years old, with a view to matrimony. Would find her very kind and attentive; good manager. Height 5 ft. 3 in. Age about 36. Address—"TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopers," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A GENTLEMAN, aged 22, tall, dark, and well proportioned, fond of music and lively, holding a permanent situation worth £130 per annum. wishes to correspond with an educated lady from 19 to 21. (Must be amiable and homely), with a view to early marriage. Apply, in the first instance, inclosing photo, to—"HARRY," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopers," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

NELLIE, aged 27, medium height, dark hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a mechanic, about 30 years of age. He must be of medium height, dark, and of a cheerful disposition. Kindly inclose photo, which will be returned, and address—"NELLIE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopers," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE ADVERTISER, aged 28, height 5 ft. 9 in. of ordinary ability, with no extraordinary vices or virtues, is desirous of corresponding with a lady, tall, pretty, of average amiability, and not over 25, with a view to matrimony. Inclose photo, and address to—"RUPERT," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopers," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TOOTSIE and POPPY would like to correspond with two gentlemen; must be tall and dark. Tossie, aged 17, is fair, medium height, musical and jolly; is considered nice looking. Poppy, aged 23, is fair, tall, and very jolly. Address—"TOOTSIE" or "POPPY," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopers," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire; but the Editor wishes to assure his Correspondents that all letters of importance and interest, and of moderate length, will be sure to find a place ultimately in his Letter-Box, and he therefore invites correspondence on all subjects.

SYNDICATE BOAT COMPANY, COLOMBO, June 2nd, 1889.

DEAR SLOPER,—The inclosed slip was found at sea by a Singalese fisherman, a few miles from Kalutara. It was sealed up in a bottle, and caused no end of speculation as to what it might be, as none of the men could understand the English language; it was carefully brought to Colombo, to a relation of the man, a clerk in my employ, who, although he could read it, could not make head or tail of it. I met him carrying it to the agents of the steamer, who are also agents for Lloyds', and I took it of him and promised to forward it on to you, and let the poor man have whatever reward you send to me. The fishermen thought it was an account of a shipwreck. Yours faithfully,

LOUIS SIEDLE.

The slip reads as follows:—"The SLOPER Watch Competition. 'ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY,' May 19th, 1889. Name—Capt. Simpson, s.s. Australasian. Latitude 6° 4' N. Longitude 80° 6' E. The finder of this Coupon, if he communicates with 'THE SLOPERIES,' 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C., will be rewarded. No. 96."

WADY HALFA, June 30th, 1889.

DEAR ALLY,—I received my character from your graphologist, and—well, what are you going to drink? It has caused quite a commotion here among our small community, and some of my friends seem to think I shall get conceited over it—in fact, one already avers that I look quite two inches taller since receipt of your letter. They have, one and all, expressed their intention of submitting their different fists, to see if your truly skilful graphologist can discover any of their latent virtues, but have expressed doubts as to getting answers, they not being subscribers. Does that matter? Two of the phases, as shown in my character, I possess in a marked degree, and am greatly surprised that they could be discovered by mere handwriting. The other day we had a violent sandstorm here, and among other things that were blown away were several copies of the "HALF-HOLIDAY," and as they blew directly towards Sarra, I am in hopes some were captured by the rebels, as (d'ye twig?) the Dervishes might mutiny among themselves as to who should read them first. Love to Tootsie and the Twins.

MOHAMED EL NEBI.

160 WOODLAND ROAD, GIPSY HILL, July 16th, 1889.

DEAR ALLY,—Inclosed you will find circular for opening a new Lodge for the Ancient Order of Buffaloes. Not knowing if you are a Buff. or not, I thought I would ask you to let me have the honour of proposing you into the Order. I am sure you would never repent the day you became a Buff., as we are a jolly lot of fellows. I have tried time after time after your watch prize, also others, and have not succeeded; so do let me have the honour of doing something for your good. If you are in the Order, the honour of your company on Friday evening would be esteemed a great favour. We should be able to give you plenty of your favourite beverage, as we shall use a lot of it that evening. With kind regards to all, and success to the "HALF-HOLIDAY," I remain, your sincere friend,

R. T. RAWLINGS.

EDINBURGH CASTLE, July 17th, 1889.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND SLOPER,—I have just had dinner with some of my old chums, whom I have not met for some years, and am about to retire to the canteen to have a refresher, and will do myself the honour of proposing your health, which I hope you will appreciate, as I am sure it is not of the best metal after all the mishaps you have had lately. I did not see your name mentioned in connection with the Shah's visit, not even one word about your "Unsweptened." I think he must have meant to propose your health when he wished to propose that of the Lord Mayors, but I expect he forgot it in the excitement of the moment, when he felt the sensation of bringing himself into collision with the Brussels, which was averted by the skilful management of his valet. I hope to hear of you honouring him with a "Sloper Award of Merit." I would like to have a bottle of your "Unsweptened" now, as it is very warm, and I hear it is a splendid cure for sore feet. Dear friend of old poor human beings, it is time I was getting away home, as the Castle gun has just fired, and I am sure, from the position of him that rules the day, it is not correct, and I am beginning to think it is now about time you were sending me a "Sloper Watch," which is the only reliable timepiece made, so as to enable me to report to the authorities at Greenwich the exact number of seconds the spark of electricity takes in passing along the wires to the capital of Scotland. This cannot be done correctly without the Friend of Man coming to my aid. Hoping you will not suffer from cold after your mishap at Torquay, and with fondest love to Tootsie and the rest of your esteemed family, I remain, yours truly, The Elder's Nephew,

DONALD MCSNABISH.

A MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY.

(A VERY RARE SPECIMEN.)

His hair is red, I know it is,
But then his heart is true;
He has some freckles on his face,
But such a very few!
His hands are large and not quite white—
They work, though, as they ought.
He's tall enough to lanky be—
That's better, though, than short!
I cannot say he's quite upright,
Except in all his ways
(He never stoops—a man to cheat,
His way he always pays).
He has not a stupendous brain,
But uses what he's got,
And if he is not very sharp,
How many more are not?
He may not be exactly rich,
Except in love for me
(And that he does possess ad lib.,
As anyone can see).
Dispassionately I have viewed
Him, and I now confess
That when he asks me to be his,
I mean to answer "Yes!"

FORESIGHT.

"BUT, my dear madam," said an elderly seeker for lodgings, "may I inquire why you object to let me your apartments?" "Well, sir, arskin' your pardin," replied the cautious landlady, "the fact is, you're so old, don't you see, and the house has only just been done up, and them undertakers' men is so careless when bringing of a coffin downstairs, that it 'ud be sure to spoil all the staircase paper, so I'd rather not, sir, thankin' you all the same."

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

SONG FOR THE PARNELL COMMISSION.—"Oh! What a Day We Are Having!"

THE potato most like SLOPER was from infancy considered to be of a curious kidney.

WHEN is a dog like a fixed doctrine?—When it is a dog-ma. WHAT shell-bearing creature resembles a circus horse?—The taught-hoss.

WHERE might you expect to find a cow's pedigree?—In a cattle-log.

LAME verses should always be bound in limp cloth. MUSICAL instruments are, as a rule, hard to learn. "Playing a knife and fork well" comes naturally.

WHAT an ass the fellow must have been who made a donkey-engine and expected to get horse-power out of it!

IF Angelina accepts Edmund's offer, why is her answer unlike Bass's beer?—Because it isn't *noted* (No, Ted).

"NEVER again with you, Robin," as the convicted thief said to his accomplice.

A RAY OF SUNLIGHT.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"HERE, sir," said I, somewhat nettled, "is a complete list of the bonds and securities I have brought with me, together with the sum of money agreed upon in Bank of England notes. Will you have the kindness to check them off with Mr. Mammon?"



An old number.

wrong, eh?" said Mr. Grubb, in his most sarcastic manner.

I hurried round to the senior's side. There was my dispatch-box open; there was no doubt that it was mine, for I had fastened my address-card inside the top, and, besides, I recognized it by an unsightly scratch I had the misfortune to make on the leather the very day I bought it. Yes, there was my dispatch-box, and filled with papers! But what papers?

No wonder I stared aghast at the contents of the box. I was dumbfounded and unable to utter a single syllable.

In it were some dozen *Daily Telegraphs*, neatly folded and tied separately with red tape; there were several copies of the *Gritworth Express*, treated in a similar manner; there was even an old number of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," done up in imitation of a legal document; but of deeds, securities, mortgages, bills of exchange and bank notes, there was not a single specimen.

"We'd better send at once for the police," said Mr. Grubb.

"Wait a moment, wait a moment," said his senior; "I don't understand this—this—oh, Anstruther! George, my boy, can't you explain? What does this all mean?"

I was speechless.

I stood there rigid, motionless as a statue, my brain spinning round and round with railway-like velocity, but I was perfectly powerless to collect my thoughts sufficiently to make a reply.

"He looks guilty," said Mr. Grubb.

"What, sir!" I cried, stung to sensibility by the implied accusation, "do you suppose I—I—have betrayed the trust confided to me? Oh, you cannot think that, Mr. Mammon! Sir, tell me you at least will not suffer such an unworthy suspicion to enter your head!"

"Try and remember how these miserable papers could have been substituted for the very valuable documents which you admit were in your charge."

While I endeavoured to collect my scattered senses, the two partners made a minute examination of the dispatch-box. It was uninjured, except by one scratch, for which I could not account; the patent lock had in no way been tampered with, and it was quite evident that no force had been used to get at the original contents.

"Very suspicious—very suspicious, indeed," said Mr. Grubb.

"George, remember what opportunities you have given to a thief who might have been aware of the value of the contents of the box."

"None, sir; none at all, as I live," I replied.

Then I recounted how I had in my bedroom, with locked door, carefully checked over the contents, which were then perfectly correct; how the dispatch-box had never left my own hands from the moment I quitted my room until I entered the railway carriage; and how, while travelling, it was under my feet the whole time, with the exception of a few minutes spent in the refreshment room, when it was again carried in my hand.

Very suspicious.

(To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 99.—MR. CHARLES COBORN, F.O.S.

"Good old Charley Coborn! Where can we find a more genial, warm-hearted, good-natured personage than this popular warbler? Nowhere! Then what can be more appropriate than to confer upon our hero that which sometimes even crowned heads yearn for in vain? Charley was born many, many years ago, and was originally intended for a priest in the Roman Catholic Church. With that intention he was sent to Rome, to be educated under the immediate supervision of the Pope. Charles quickly gained an alarming influence over His Holiness, and soon instilled in the reverend gentleman's head the idea that an English music hall star comique's life was far more enjoyable than even a Popeship. So eventually they decided to endeavour to fly to merry England together. Happily—at least, for the Catholic Church—the Pope was caught in the act of flying, and, with the aid of numerous cardinals, dragged back to Rome. Not so Charles. England was reached by him in safety, and, after sojourning there for a time, he became possessed of 'Two Lovely Black Eyes.' From that time, everything Charles took in hand succeeded, and he is now at the top of the tree in his profession. Chiefly because 'He's all right when you know him,' Charles was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him, April 9th, 1887."—*Debrett improved.*



Snooks. Hallo, Pumphandle! you look mighty whitewashy. Where might you drink now?
Pumphandle (who has "soared off"). Drink, my dear sir? Why, at the brook, o' course!
Snooks. The "Brook!" Wherever's that? I don't happen to know a house of that sign!

JOAN OF ARC'S BLANK LOOK,
On hearing of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew."GRIN AND 'BEAR' IT."
A party who thoroughly believes in the old proverb.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.



"Hist! what is it that she seems so intently tracing on the sand? Perhaps his name, coupled with some sweetly endearing term! He will crawl up behind her, and, with enraptured glance, feast his own eyes upon it. . . . Pshaw! She is only trying to force open a cockle with the thin end of her parasol!"

"SKYEING" A SUCCESSFUL PICTURE;
Or, the ups and downs of an artist's life.

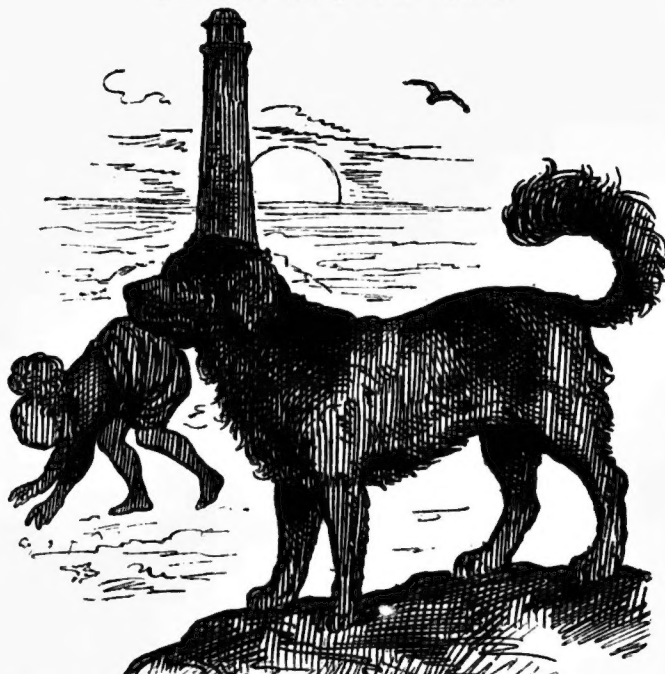
Fond Parent. Drat that boy! he's been fightin' ag'in! Brave—not to say vainglorious—Son. Yes, mother; but I give 'im sich a bidin', 'e was ever so much littler 'an me!

A SEMI-TEETOTAL FISHING STORY.



(1.) "Well, the truth is, old boy, I'm almost a teetotaler; but on an occasion like this, you know—just to keep the damp out, you know—ah?"—(2.) "Tell you what 'Ma, ole chap, there's 'lectricity in the air—always makes my head queer!"—(3.) "That's right, m' boy—can't be too careful in shoppin' into boats o' this 'scription!"—(4.) "By George! I b'lieve I've hooked something this time!"—(5.) "Fearn' tiring work fishin'—resht bit!"—(6.) "Terrible damp thick bed—catch death col'ah!"

A PERFORMING DOG.



Horrible apparition that presented itself to the anxious parent who left her youngest born peacefully playing on the sands.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.



Young Dufferin (to doggy friend). Here! I say, old fellow, I want you to look at my dog. Now, candidly, what breed do you call him?
Doggy Friend. What breed? My dear fellow, the only difficulty is to say what breed he is not!